

THE PRICES OF CIGARS ARE TO BE RAISED

Smokers who have cultivated the taste for Cuban cigars will have to increase their smoking appropriation before a great while as a raise is contemplated by Cuban cigar makers, who say that they are losing money under the schedule of prices now in operation.

Last season's tobacco crop in Cuba was light and the stock in the warehouses on the island is said to be getting very low. This year's crop is a good one but it will be some months before it is cured and in the meantime tobacco will be scarce on the island. The duty is heavy and labor is so high that the manufacturers claim that they have been los-

ing several dollars a thousand on Havana cigars for the past couple of years.

This year's crop will be started in upon just as soon as it is sufficiently cured and being heavier than stock which is two or three years old and the duty being assessed according to weight the amount to be paid in revenue will be accordingly increased.

It is also expected that with the increase in price of the Cuban brands many of the makers of domestic brands will also raise their prices. There has been a considerable increase in the price of raw material during the past few years.

DETAILS OF THE CAPTURE OF "BLINKY" MORGAN

On June 27, 1887, 20 years ago today, the sensational capture of Blinky Morgan and two of his accomplices was made in Alpena. It was a thrilling capture of a desperate criminal.

Many cities will remember it, especially those directly concerned. A newspaper account of the capture follows:

Feb. 4, 1887, Capt. Hoehn and Detective Hurligan, of the Cleveland police force, were on the night train leaving Allegheny City, having in charge a burglar, Mathew Kennedy. While the train stopped at Ravenna, four men entered the car where the officers and prisoner were and began an assault on them, firing at them and seriously wounding both officers. Detective Hurligan died on February 8th, from his wounds.

A reward of \$16,000 was offered for the arrest of the murderers. A few days ago Sheriff Lynch and City Marshal Westrope got on track of certain men here who were supposed to be the murderers. A sharp watch was kept on the men, and at last the information gathered by the officers was such that they were certain the men were the right ones and their capture was determined upon.

On Monday evening last Sheriff Lynch, Under Sheriff Denton, Deputy Sheriff G. W. Jones, A. C. McDonald, James Conners and Marshall Westrope and Policeman A. E. Westrope began the work of arresting the murderers.

Two of the miscreants had taken passage on the steamer Mackinaw, for Osceola. They were taken by surprise and escorted to the city cooler.

The sheriff and party then proceeded to the residence of F. D. Williams, on Third street, and surrounded it.

Lynch, with some deputies entered from the front.

Marshall Westrope and the others except Denton who had remained in charge of the two men captured, were on guard at other places about the house.

As soon as Lynch had entered the house, he saw Morgan sitting in a chair. The man partly raised up, and reached for his two 44 calibre revolvers. Before he could draw them Sheriff Lynch made a dash at him, grabbed and bent him partly back over the chair.

The criminal then managed to get one of his revolvers out and discharged it, but the position he was in did not permit of accurate aim being taken. If Morgan could have had some five seconds more time, it is probable he would have killed several of the officers.

One ball entered Sheriff Lynch's leg, in the thigh, penetrating the fleshy part 6 inches above the knee, and lodged back of the knee joint, making a painful wound.

Conners then seized the man's hand that held the revolver, and had a close call himself, his hand being slightly burned by the flash from the revolver.

Two or three shots were fired. The revolver reports soon brought the other officers and Morgan was quickly ironed. He was then taken to the cooler and chained to the other two men who are supposed to be Billy Harrington and Pat Hanley.

The men were searched and four revolvers, lots of cartridges, taken from them and among their goods were discovered dynamite cartridges, masks, dark lantern and other burglar implements.

Morgan, whose actions showed him to be a desperate and determined man, is about 45 or 50 years old.

The three prisoners were identified as Charles Conklin, alias Blinky Morgan, Pat Hanley and Billy Harrington. Morgan is said to have killed seven men.

Sheriff Lynch died from the wound on Aug. 17, 1887. Blinky Morgan was hanged in the state's prison at Columbus, Ohio. In the others except Denton who had remained in charge of the two men captured, were on guard at other places about the house.

THE PERKINS FAMILY

Why They Are Not Going to the Seashore This Summer.

REASONS GALORE IN DIARY.

Hubby Refers to It When Wifey Demands an Explanation—Calls Him Meanest Man in Europe, Asia, Africa or America.

[Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.]

Mr. Perkins had taken a seat on the veranda after dinner to smoke a cigar and be reasonably thankful that he was alive, and he was just enjoying the reddish kind of a sunset when Mrs. Perkins joined him with a certain illness of countenance that put him on his guard at once. She was sly and suave and smooth as she talked about bugs and mosquitoes and peach blossoms.



DREW FORTH THE INEVITABLE DIARY. Some, and when she thought he had put his foot in the trap she suddenly

said: "Mr. Perkins, I will need about a hundred dollars next week if I am to get ready for the seashore."

"You think of going to the seashore, do you?" he replied after a moment.

"Certainly. That has been understood ever since last December."

"Um! Um!"

"I can be all ready in about two weeks from now. Have you written to any of the places to see about board?"

"No, not quite. That is, not exactly."

"But you will right away tomorrow? We can't run the chances of the hotels being full."

"What is this idea you have got into your head, Mrs. Perkins?" he asked as he turned on her.

"What! What! Do you want to make out of our going to the seashore some new idea and that this is the first time you have heard of it?"

"Something might have been said two or three years ago, but I supposed it had been given up long ago."

"Last December is not two or three years ago, and you know it. One night last December you said we should go to the seashore this summer even if we had to mortgage the household furniture. It was the night you had a touch of colic after getting to bed. You are not going to have the cheek to tell me you have forgotten it?"

His Inevitable Diary.

Mr. Perkins slowly and calmly carried his hand to his breast pocket and drew forth the inevitable diary and consulted it with puckered brow, carefully watched by Mrs. Perkins.

"Yes, I find something about it here," he said when he had found the right page. "Under date of Dec. 19 I find the following entry:

"Raining, snowing and blowing. Durn such a climate! I'd like to get out of it for good. I have a sore throat, and Mrs. P. has a cough that may result in consumption. I have just promised her that we will go to the seashore next summer. C. T. A."

"There, didn't I tell you?" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins.

"You did, my love—you did. Yes, on the night of the 19th of last December I promised you that we would go to the seashore this summer, but you

observe the letters 'C. T. A.' after the promise. They stand for 'consult the authorities,' and I have done so. In fact, I have been consulting the authorities for the last three months."

"Is this some scheme to wriggle out of your promise? Do you intend to dodge and twist and bring up what you call your philosophy? If you do, then let me tell you that I won't stand it for a minute—not a minute. When you make a promise and write it down, that ought to be enough for a man of honor."

"Mrs. Perkins," he calmly continued, "when I met you I had been a widower for three long years. I had made my own bed, cooked my own meals and patched my own trousers. I hardly dared hope when I met you that you would fall in love with me and make me happy again, but you did. I appreciate the deed. I shall always appreciate it. If I should lose you, life would no longer be worth the living. There isn't one chance in a thousand that I could marry No. 3."

"That's it—bring in No. 3. I'm your second wife. Don't never miss a chance to do that. But what has that got to do with our going to the seashore?"

Consulted Authorities.

"Everything, my dear. That's why I put 'C. T. A.' after the memoranda. I have consulted the authorities in regard to you. You weigh 180 pounds, and you get away with a square meal, but what of that noble and tender heart of yours—what of your heart? You are an inland bird, and you have been flying from twig to tree and hopping from twig to tree, far from the ocean's roar. How would it be if you were suddenly rushed down to Atlantic City and to a salt atmosphere? Would it benefit or harm you? Could that loving heart of yours stand the strain? This was one of the things I had to consult the authorities about, and it was well that I did. I have also been saving newspaper clippings since the first of the year."

"That is, you have been trying to find some excuse to break your promise. Go ahead, I can see that you are going to twist out of it."

"My dear Mrs. Perkins, let me read you a record, and if you then desire to jeopardize your life I shall have nothing to say."

"Dr. Barnes says that a sudden change of climate from fresh to salt is almost sure to produce death from heart ailment."

"Dr. Smith says that he has known of 100 cases where fat women going to Atlantic City have died within twenty-four hours of heart trouble."

"Dr. Hines says that salt air striking an inland person all of a sudden is as bad as a bullet."

"Dr. Blissfield kept track of cases along the Atlantic coast last season and has a record of 440 fat women who died in their beds on the very first night after their arrival. They were not stricken dead by the high charges of the hotels, but their hearts went back on them."

"There is the record, Mrs. Perkins, and what am I to do? Am I to rush you down to the seashore and have you dead on my hands, or am I to keep you inland and have your company and your love for many years to come?"

"Those doctors are fools, and you know it!" snapped Mrs. Perkins in reply.

"And there are other things," continued Mr. Perkins without taking note of her exclamation. "As I said a few minutes ago, you weigh 180 pounds. You can no longer sit on my lap without my knees giving way. You are still a sylph, but what effect is the salty atmosphere going to have on you? Will it relegate you back to a skeleton, or will you increase to 250 pounds and make it impossible for me to squeeze you through the door of an ordinary room? That's a thing to be thought of."

Would Change Her Disposition.

"Again, changing climates changes dispositions. We are like cooling doves here. We may get down to the seashore to fairly hate each other. Seventeen different doctors say this may be the case. I do not wish to be guilty of your murder, my love, and I do not want to wake up and find that you have cut my windpipe."

"Another thing. Your hair is thin and faded. You are obliged to dye it. The facts are not against you in the slightest, as Marie Antoinette had to do the same thing. But here is the kernel. Thirty different doctors certify that in such cases the woman who goes to the seashore comes home with straw colored hair and terrible headaches and while suffering from the latter are often driven to suicide. Suppose I were to come home from the office some day and find you hanging from our only peach tree! Could I ever eat peaches for you to think of, my dear Mrs. Perkins, to sit up and think of in the most serious manner. When you have thought of them we will reopen the subject and see what conclusions we can arrive at."

"Never, sir!" said Mrs. Perkins as she rose up with red cheeks and flashing eyes.

"You mean—"

"I mean that you are the meanest husband in Europe, Asia, Africa or America!"

"Well," said Mr. Perkins to himself after she had disappeared into the house, "I have done my part, and now if she wants to expire in the most terrible agonies she must assume all the risks. That is, we will go down the river for a day's fishing if it won't cost over 75 cents for bait and all."

M. QUAD.

Rosa (aged twelve)—Mother, why is it that they always speak of the goodness of victory and never of the god of victory?

Her Mother—When you're married, my dear, you'll understand that.—File-gende Blatter.

BOWSER AS GARDENER

Things He Planted Have a Hard Time of It.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM.

There Are No Flowers or Vegetables, but a Good Crop of Almost Everything Else—Poor Man Is Heartbroken Over the Affair.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]

The first robin had scarcely made its appearance in the last days of March when Mr. Bowser returned home from the office one evening bringing a package under his arm. When questioned as to its contents he replied:

"I have been investing in garden seeds. Last spring I waited too long before planting anything, but I am not to be caught that way again."

"But our back yard does not get sun enough," protested Mrs. Bowser, "and you know the soil is full of brickbats and mortar. I don't believe you will ever make anything grow there."

"But I will show you to the contrary. I met a gardener today who gave me a few valuable tips. I'll have a garden this year to delight the heart. I not only need the exercise, but I have tired of buying wilted vegetables at the grocery. I want my fresh radishes, lettuce and tomatoes with the dew on them. I want things to look homelike around me. We are penned up here like a lot of savages, with no sentiment to appeal to us, and sometimes I feel I

One evening in the latter days of May there were some green shoots to be observed on one of the beds. Mrs. Bowser and the cook were brought out to view them, and Mr. Bowser turned his head away to conceal his tears. The garden was coming on. Nature was reaching out her hand for a shake. That night he got out of bed five different times to go to the back window and see that the green shoots were all right, and in his sleep he called out that he would murder the human hyena who dared to rob him of them.

Alas, when morning came those green shoots were no more! Two or three dogs in search of prime beef bones had entered the yard between times and dug and scratched and pawed until nothing was left. Mrs. Bowser looked for an outbreak, but none followed. Mr. Bowser's face simply took on a new grimace, and he made and replanted the beds.

A week later there were other green things showing up all over the garden. A warm rain had popped everything out of the ground like rapid transit. That evening Mr. Bowser smiled and laughed for the first time in many days. He had fought the fight and felt that he had won. He could even identify the hollyhocks from the sunflowers. He went to bed like a man who has done a good deed and sees his reward in view, and the cook made up her mind that if he was a paranoiac he was not dangerous.

Garden Was Ruined.

That night came a thunderstorm, but Mr. Bowser slept and recked not. The thunderbolts spared his garden, but still when he arose in the morning he looked upon a scene of devastation. A prowling dog had discovered a cat in the alley at midnight and run her into the Bowser garden and across and around it. Other cats had come to her assistance; other dogs had mixed in. Amid the flashes and the reverberations a great battle had been fought. No matter which side won, all had escaped with their lives. It was the garden that had been ground between two millstones. Not a green thing remained. Sunflowers, hollyhocks, lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers—all had been squashed to squash and trampled into the mud to be seen never again. Mr. Bowser looked from a back window and turned away. Mrs. Bowser patted him softly on the back, and he lay down on the lounge and closed his eyes. He was a walloped man.

M. QUAD.

To Be Sure.

Old Lady—Are you traveling for the good of your health?

Defunct Bankrupt—Rather!—Illustrated Bits.

Crossing the Hearing Pond.

The liner was rolling frightfully. "Jack," moaned the pale green but still lovely bride, "promise me you will send my remains to the old home for burial."

He promised. The motion grew gradually worse.

"Jack," she moaned again.

"Well, dear?"

"You needn't bother about my remains. There won't be any."—New York Press.

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500 of them in his garden, and as he walked among them at eventide with his hands behind his back he would be at peace with all mankind.

Refused to Buy.

During the month of spading, shoveling, hoeing, raking and sowing and planting Mr. Bowser was called on by men who wanted to sell him new milk cows and who had hogs and hens to dispose of, but he turned them away. Parties wanted to sell him automobiles and balloons, but he shook his head and planted more sunflower seeds. He was offered stock in oil wells and copper mines at ridiculously low figures, but he waved them aside. Members of the Gay Old Boys' club called to ask him to deliver an address, but the address he delivered made their hair stand up.

It was only when the month of May was ten days old that Mr. Bowser finished his work and waited for results. He had done his share, and now nature must do the rest. There came frosts and thunder showers. Boys invaded the yard and galloped over the beds. Dogs got in and dug for bones, and cats scratched up the soil in search of treasure, but he was not discouraged. It was when he began to call out in his sleep nightly and talk about flowers and vegetables that Mrs. Bowser felt that she ought to call the doctor in.

He was sent for. He declared that Mr. Bowser had lost fifty pounds of flesh in six weeks and that if he did not cease working he would not be long for this world. He found one shoulder lopped down four inches and one leg contracted six, and he estimated that the spine was six inches out of plumb. He said all this and much more, and Mr. Bowser listened in grim silence and then answered:

Doctor, I'll have a garden if I have to walk around in it after I'm dead."

Green Shoots Appear.

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